French public, so respectful of titles, with the sin-

gle one of journaliste.

This, reminds me to notify the appearance of the third volume of the Histoire Politique et Literaire of la Presse, by Eugene Hatin. The work will extend to five volumes, and will undoubtedly be the thoroughest, fullest, and, on the whole, honestret and most readable back extent. thoroughest, fullest, and, on the whole, honestest and most readable book extant on this interesting theme. M. Hatin has long made the subject his study, of which several preceding publications of small volume had already given us entertaining

Gabrielle d'Estree et la Politique de Henri IV. M. Capefigue's last addition to his series of histori-cal notices of improper females, their royal lovers and their times, known under the general title of

Les Reines de la Main Gauche, Volume second of the Memoires Scientifiques, the

Volume second of the Memoires Scientifiques, the sixteenth and last volume of Francois Arago's complete works, is just out of press. It contains considerable matter hitherto unpublished.

Histoire de la liberté religieuse en France et de ses fondaleurs is represented in the publisher's certisement, through which alone as yet, to be appired by a spirit of larger liberality than would be anticipated from some of the previous writings of the pated from some of the previous writings of the author, M. Dargan. Two vols. 18mo. are for sale;

other two are in press.

La France Protestante, or Lives of French Protes tanta distinguished in history from the beginning of tants distinguished in history from the beginning of the Ecformation to the recognition of religious liberty by the National Assembly, forms, with its historical preface and pieces justificatives, a sort of encyclope dia of French Protestantism. The ninth and last volume of this carefully labored work is

now published.

Le Bouddah et sa Religion, (1 vol. 8vo.) Buddha and his Religion. What do most of us know of the great Indian sage, except that he lived a great while age; or of the religion he founded except that its confessors live a great way off? Considering that they outnumber Christians of all sects at this day—that they are more numerous than the ing that they outnumber Christians of all sects at this day—that they are more numerous than the populations of Europe and both Americas combined, knowledge about him, it, and they, would seem desirable. It is only within a few years that, thanks to remarkable researches of a few enthusiastic searchers for it, the original sources of information on this subject, i. e., especially on the doctrines of Buddha, have become accessible to European scholars. The present volume is by one of the most crudite of these scholars, M. J. Barthelemy St. Hilbire. On the historical side it is drawn largely from the original sources just mentioned. It is not a continuous kintory of Buddhism, but a historical presentation of it at three widely separated periods: its Feunder and beginning, five historical presentation of it at three widely separated periods: its Feunder and beginning, five hundred and fifty years before Christ; as it was in India in the seventh century of the Christian era; us it is to-day in Ceylon. But careful as he is with the record, the author regards the purely historical astice less important part of his subject. He aims to teach a lesson which may be very briefly stated omething as follows:

"The doctrines of Buddha are the cause of the low "The doctrines of Buddba are the cause of the low estate of civilization and non-civilization in which their adherents rest. Modern European civilization and happiness of mankind are the effects of the Christian religion. There is to-day among European thinkers in the philosophical department, a tendency to wander away from, to set up philosophy independent of Christianity—that is, mine and the orthodox fermula of Christianity—which is the vital, creative element of civilization and mankind's prosperity. Let the history of Buddha and Buddhism famish such with warning examples."

examples."
I should add, that M. Barthelemy Saket Hilaire I should add, that M. Wartherny State Halle is the furthest possible removed from ore mary bigotry or narrow-mindedness. There will not be one in a thousand of his Christian European or American general readers, who will hold his argument unsound; not one in ten thousand who, discovering possibly some unsoundness, will hold it narrow of bigoted. Only if this truly meritorious work were largely circulated among the four-five or six hundred million followers of the Buddhist faith, some of them might conceive that pessibly it was bardly fair to measure absolutely their prosperity and their dogmas by the exclusive standard of hap-

numerous, modern sect.

Most of us know as little of Abelard's works as of Buddha's. We know him as the lower and beloved of Heloise, thanks to their extant letters and to bad novels founded on their story. If we could add his love songs addressed to or inspired by his love for her, we vulgar should be content. But the learned; her, we vugar should be content. But the scarled, and those who wish to become so in his regard, may now consult all his theological and philosophical works in the edition of M. Cousin in three 4to. volumes—the first of which was published in 1836, the last two of which are recently ant of press. It becomes only the crudite to speak of their value On the merits of this best editions of them there is no question among them. It is to be hoped that they recognize the merit of the editor also, who has given se much time, care, "and so large a part of his moderate toriune to their publication."

M. Cousin has also just published Madame do Longueville pendant la Fronde, the complement of La Jeuresse de Modame Longueville, by the same author. This completes the series, in eight volumes, of his Etudes Sur les Femmes Illustres et la Societ

du XVII. Siècle.
The Rerne des Beuz Mondes of Nov. 1, has a The Reeme des! Benz Mondes of Nov. I, has a long analysis and criticism of Mrs. Stowe's last novel; a very honest review. The first business the reviewer proposes to himself, is to let the reader know what the novel is; what he thinks of it, comes in the second place. A few que tations showing what he thinks of it (what most Frenchmen who could read it would be like to think it), may interest over sealers as the like to think it), may interest your seaders, as terms of comparison with their own opinions. "We find in every page of "Madame Stowe's new book, that takent of acute "and delicate observation which was so striking in
"Uncle Tom's Cabin; there are chapters which
"are masterpieces of esychological anclysis.
"According to Mrs. Stowe's new theory of love, on
"which all the novel rests, the source of love is the
"need of realizing our ideal. It is this ideal that

"we pursue is others—its we love, it is because we "think we find stan the abject of our love." Whereupon M. Cucheval Clariguy declines to ass judgment on this theory, like a gallant Frenchman as he is, for he would surely condenn it: but, like E Frenchman as he is, "would like ito ask Madame Stowe" to materialize leve a little, at least for our sex."

"The love affairs of Virginie de Frontignac and "Aaron Burr camenear speling Mrs. Stowe's book "Jor us. As to the Marchioness whom he "wants to ruin, that specimen of the Faubuurg St. "Germain has the zefinement, the esprit and the "language of a chandermaid." M. Clarinay says that "Mrs. Stowe meintains in her novel, the doctors of the Mrs. Stowe meintains in her novel, the doctors of the Mrs. Stowe meintains in her novel, the doctors of the Mrs. Stowe meintains in her novel, the doctors of the Mrs. Stowe meintains in her novel, the doctors of the Mrs. Stowe meintains in her novel, the doctors of the Mrs. Stowe meintains in her novel, the doctors of the Mrs. Stowe meintains in her novel, the doctors of the Mrs. Stower meintains in her novel, the doctors of the Mrs. Stower meintains in her novel, the doctors of the Mrs. Stower meintains in her novel the doctors of the Mrs. Stower meintains in her novel the doctors of the Mrs. Stower meintains of the Mrs. Stowe "trine of the Universalists; that in some pages she "projests against the severity of Calvanism with an "procests against the seventy of Calvansin with an "eagrest elequence, that seems an echo of Chan-"ning (!), and of a baidness quite extraordinary, "where one thinks of the public for which the author "wrote; in fact it made scandal in the United "States, and therefore it is that he'rs. Stowe in Ler States, and therefore it as that Mrs. Stowe in Ler preface, puts her book under the protection of the English public, which has been so friendly to her. Published by chapters in a weekly magazine [now don't laugh mocking M. Clarigay's ignorance—don't laugh mocking M. Clarigay's ignorance—don't laugh, dear General, unless you are sure that you know whether La Reene des Deur Moc des or La Contemporaise is weekly, menthly, a something elsely jof the United States, the 'Minist r's Wooing' has all the defects that ordinarily accompany this mode of composition. Octopied with an isolated chapter, an author readily loses sight or the whole of his work; he is led to enlarge secondary details past measure, and to "enlarge secondary details past measure, and to "exaggerate the parts of secondary persenages, and "allen destroys the harmonious proportions of his book. If the pasel of Mrs. Stowe is to be trans-"lated into French [it is], the writer who under-takes the task should not fear to trim away many "useless episodes, many tedious discussions, though the theses of the author suffer from the process. A "vigorous application of the pruning knife to clear "away the theological trushwood, would leave one of the most drawing stories of love that ever was

"read."

This is the constant consolaint of French critics against English nonces of the present day—the disregard, the defiance of "art for the sake of art," the skewering through a work of art a moral purpose, the larding of it and blanketging it with moralities or theologies. It is the English and Anglo-American taste; it is not theirs. They like their sermons and their romances clear; we like them mixed. It is not a question of right and wrong. De gustibus, etc., is all that properly can be said about the difference.

Meantime the French are in a way to become acquainted with all the prominent English novellets. Hachette & Co. publish a new translation from some one of them as often as once a week, Dickens's "Pickwick," and Thackeray's "Yellow

The third volume of Lothrop Modey's History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, (the first volume opens with an introduction by Guizot); the first three volumes of Schiller's complete works; the poems of Michael Angelo; Goethe's Faust in verse. and in the various metres of the original, are among the notable recent translations.

Two cetavo volumes of Beranger's correspondence; the Cours d' Agriculture, by Count de Gasparin, of the Academy of Sciences; Le Maitre Jardiniere, a practical manual of horaculture for the kitchen garden, flower garden, and fruit-tree garden, by Gantier de Chabanue; the Encyclopedie Pratique d'Agriculture, under the editorial direc-tion of Professor Mole of the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, (the first two of the fifteen large Syo., double columned volumes to which the work will extend, have appeared,) are, among the recently published original works, deserving of more than the catalogue notice.

NEW PLAYS AT PARIS.

From Cur Own Correspondent.
PARIS, Dec. 8, 1859. There is a lull in politics for the week. The clouds that lowered upon our beads are for the moment dispersed. The "political horizon," to use a favorite French metaphor, is no longer threateningly darkened-not that it is clear, either, but shrouded in a rose-colored fog. The meeting of the Congress in Paris, some time next month, is as good as assured-Lord Cowley, well looked on at the Tuileries, to be the English representative; Count Cavour (who has lately "assisted" actively in the councils of Yictor Emanuel), once well looked on at Plombières, you recollect, to be the gentleman from Sardinia. Relations with England have almost reached the condition of entente cordiale. Everybody knows bow the Emperor gave a basus d'alliance to Lady Cowley at Compiegne, with a pretty mot to match, and sees its profound symbolic meaning. Private Secretary Mocquard's response to the question put by the four anxious Liverpool merchants to Louis Napoleon-" Aren't you going to invade En-"land, really, new, aren't you?"-Mocquard's "inspired" response, the gist of which is, "You dum phooles, if you'd think three consecutive minutes, you'd see that the asking of the question "minutes, you'd see that the asking of the question "implies the answer—and a comment. From your "asking the question, it is natural to suppose that "you will believe in his responsive word, and that "you don't believe in all his past words. He has "always said that he isn't, and now he says that "he isn't. I have the honor to be," etc. Mocquard's response has been published in all the Paris papers, with all the Liverpool innocents, their names wrongly apelled, and has helped to quiet other innocents. So business and the Bourse are other innocents. So business and the Bourse are looking up. For the rest, the innocents are not to be utterly macked at. The Emperor's word does

seem to need frequent clinching.

M. Haussman, Prefect of the Seine—that is, Administrator, Governor, Imperial Lieutenant of Paris Zgave a dinner last Tuesday to the Municipal Council at the Hotel de Ville. I may say, in passing, that Parisian Municipal Councillers do not have a permanent feeding crib in that building, as the New-York Fathers have, or used te have, in their Hotel de Ville, or City Hall. The dinner of last Tuesday was a solemn State affair, in a sort— the like-of which comes off only at the close of the yearly, prolonged, hard-working session of the Mu-nicipality. And Haussman offered a toast there to nicipality. And Haussman offered a teast there to the health and henor of the Imperial family, and buttered it with a speech, from which I cannot help quoting: "Gentlemen, "Empire o'cot le paix! This "meanigraphe declaration, made by the Emperor [at "Bordeaux, before he was voted Emperor, in 1852] "this promise twice kept, despite the seductions of "victory, has just been solemnly consecrated anew." The allusion is to the immense and vigorously-maked changes and employations in the way of The allusion is to the immense and vigorously-pushed changes and ameliorations in the way of tearing down, building up anew and beautifying, and enlarging Paris. But pray note that promise, "the "Empire is peace," kept twice over! Frefect Haussman gave the toast and speech toward the close of the dinner, we must suppose. It reminds one of that toxicated Boston gentleman who was reproached backs with for coming home so late at with terms. by his wife for coming home so late at night—rather, so late in the morning: "Going on 4 o'clock! Edward, for shame!" "No, my dear—hic—i'z zonly one—hic—'clock. When—hic—come past th' Old South—hic—'urch—heard clock strike one—

notesaid before, at, and after breakfast, and about which there has been an excess of nonsensical con-jecture and invention among Americans—all that, if it were proper matter for your correspondent to treat, should have been touched on last week. Let it pass now, and take a look at the theaters.

Almost all of them have brought out their pieces for the season. The one that excites the most attention is Un Pére Prodigue, young Alexander Dumas's new comedy, represented for the first tension is Un Pére Prodigue, young Alexander Dumas's new comedy, represented for the first time last week at the Gymnase. The performance of a new play from the pen of the most successful living French dramatist, is an event in Paris. They feuilletonist critics (!), with zare exceptions, units in loud uncritical laudation of its merits, and in ignoring its defects. The town nightly crowds, and for months will crowd, the ill-favored, unventional products of the product of the produc and for months will crowd, the ill-flavored, unventilated, and generally uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, Gymnase, to see and hear its excellent perlemance. A year or two hence it will take
its rank lowest on the scale of the author's
plays. For the moment, it enjoys a success sof curiosity. The dialegue is brilliant,
hence and there is a striking situation; but
the plot is loose, the story is hardly a story, stopping
rather than rounding out at the close of the hift
act. A is a collection of scenes. There is no develorment of character, no portraval of strong passion, no personage in whom or is whose fate you take much interest. Looked at from the purely literary side, the play has one remarkable quality the author escapes, avoids, overcomes the peculiar difficulties of his subject with wonderful angenuity. The skill swith which he conducts the prodigal father through five acts, just on the toppling brink, of the pitying contempt into which profligate, feelish old age without honor, must fall, and the san on the parallel briak, as it were, of the horror and disgust into which an unfilial son must fall, yet keeps them, though tottening, both upright till they fall at last, embracing, in each others arms, as the curtain dreps. This, as a mere tour de force, is equal to anything one can see at the cineus.

The play has no moral. M. Dumas is not to be blamed for that. He is of the school that sets The play has no moral. M. Dumas is not to be blamed for that. He is of the school that sets up the motto "Ert for art." Furthermore, he is a Realist—claims to represent life as he sees it. M. Dumas has evidently seen a great deal of one of the sides of French life. It is to be hoped that he has not seen much of the better side, the front side of it. I say nothing of his Dames aux Camelias, his women of the demi-monde. His respectable men and women of the world, of the hast monde, are considering their impated respectability, lamentably considering their imputed respectability, lamentably worse. His familiarity with, and faithful portraya of characteristic seems in the life of the demi-monds, are not to be doubted. It is to be hoped, for the aske of good French society, that he knows, by personal experience, very little about it. For not only are hisgentlemen of good society as familiar as himself with the other social hemisphere, but his young ladies, his unmarried ingenues, girls not yet

man (though he keeps a mistress when past fifty), because Lespends his or another's money freely, because, above all, he is invariably polite (with politeeause, above all, he is invariably polite (with politeless of manner) to women of all sorts. This is patently M. Dunnas's highest notion of respect for women;
and about the hight of his nation of gentlehood. A
high flying woman of the demi monde, is held up
to our detestation (in very elegant dress, however,)
not, of course, because she is ______, but because
she is as heartless as the fools that flutter round
her and makes and days up money out of them. Here she is as heartless as the fools that flutter round her and makes and lays up money out of them. Here is the profoundly condemnable point in her character, that she, as well as the gentlemen who purpose one of these days to settle respectably in the world, calculates for the future. If she would only live in one uninterrupted, reckless debauch, looking forward gaily, or, what would be ther, not looking forward at all, to die in a hospital or in the street, why then we men grown up to be respectable fathers of inmilies, would regard her sins as venial.

At the Theatre Français, Le Duc Job, by Leon Lays, is the new piece of a season—a very in-

Lays, is the new piece of a season—a very in-different comedy, saved and in a sort created afresh by the almost perfect actors who produce it on the stage. M. Laya aims, contrary to M. Dumas, to teach a moral lesson. The moral that he aims to teach is that riches are to be despised as a some-thing vulgar, quite. And he rounds his moral with a rich marriage of his hero. L'Honneur et l'Argent of M. Ponsard, which had such an immense success six Winters ago, was full of the same cant—a high and lefty contempt of money and money-making through four acts, and in the fifth a practical apotheosis of the franc, which is quite as almighty as the dollar. If any of these canting playwrights would forego their droits d'autens, varying from 7 to 15 per cent on the receipts at the ticket-office, we might respect them. Or if the audience would be a support of the s applaud a hero who went poor to the end of the fifth act, we might respect them.

Is the world at the present date more given up to gross material interests than it has been any time gross material interest state of pottage for birthright? If it be, where is the harm? But if it be, and if there be harm, then, in God's name, be against it, and be done with this rhyming, writing, and preaching against it, at so much per line, or act, or annum. "Free your minds of cant."

In the way of opera, the real new thing is the In the way of opera, the real new thing at revival, with some impertinent pruning and other modifications, of an old thing, the Orphée of Gluck at the Theatre Lyrique. The Parisians show their independent, honest sense of the musical art by crowding to hear it. The Pardon de Ploermel, already old at the Opera Comique, is not nearly equal in merit to Meyerbeer's last preceding work produced there. His everlasting Africanic cannot be brought out this year, either, at the Grand Operation of the company be brought out this year, either, at the Grand Opera, where there is no great new piece to take its
place, and no great artists to perform. Woodenarmed Roger will reappear presently, and in any of
his old rôles have an immense success for some
time—lovers of music will be so curious to see him
sing with a wooden arm.

The Italiens, too, is less brilliant than last year in
stock and stars. The outside public, a few weeks
ago, were anticipating something uncommonly from
the announcement of a new opera by Rossini. That
massive, and two or three singing men and women.

maestro, and two or three singing men and women, being considered by a certain public as the last best gift of God's to men since the invention of the mariner's compass, and printing, to take the most recent dates. Il Carioso Accidente, the "new most recent dates. Il Carioso Accidente, the "new opera" by Rossini, is a collection of scraps, a pasticcio, an ollo podrida, made up, with his permission, from tragic, comic, and buffo operas that he composed in his youth, that have never been performed out of Italy; to these were added some other bits micked up in the postelling of Italian. performed out of Italy; to these were added some other bits picked up in the portfolios of Italian Opera managers. These were all tacked, patched and botched together and a libretto was made for them. All this was done by one Berretoni, an eximpressario, an old and rather seedy acquaintance of Rossini, with the permission of the latter. So long ago as last year, Calzado, the manager of the latters here, had been offered the piece, had jumped at it, baited by Rossini's name, had then found that he was bit, had tried to get rid of his engagement to perform it, had a law-suit about it (as impresari are always having law-suits—Melpomene and Themis always playing into one another's hands), had been condemned to have it performed. Flually, to cut a long story short, it was performed and summarily damned the other night, Rossini, Calzado, the performers, and in fine, everybody but zado, the performers, and in fine, everybody but Signor Berretoni and the audience being indifferent

Lamartice had a meeting of his creditors at his estate near Macon, two weeks ago. There were about four hundred of them. He proposed to throw up all his property, although its value is said to be considerably greater than the amount of his debts. They generously objected to the proposition. He howed that in the eighteen months last past, he had paid 1,200,600 frances toward the extinction of is debte, and bound himself to pay 300,000 francs by the end of February, which would reduce his mount of indebtedness from 2,400,000 francs to hie—two, three times—hic—a running."

Emperor, Empress, and the boy came in last Sunday from Compiegne. As to Mr. Seward's breakfast with him there, and what was and was him in the case, and that they had reason so to do. Lamartine is paying off his immense debt from the product of his literary labors, helped out by a rational economy that he has too long neglected. His, or his friends', appeal to the nation was a failure. or his friends', appeal to the nation was a failure. Pity that he or they ever made it; pity for him, and greater pity for the French. The vational subscription, after being open a year or se, produced only about 160,000 francs; which only shows that the French are forgetful, not stingy. They nearly split their throats with shouting "Vice Lamartine!" in 1848. Up to the 15th November tast past the subscription for the benefit of the wounded, and the families of the killed, soldiers of the army of Italy. families of the killed, soldiers of the army of Italy,

mounted to 5,360,000 francs.

There was talk enough in the time of it, some year ago, of the Black Poctor and his wonderful cure for cancers. Sax, the Saxhornist, got well of a cancer on his lip, or what seemed a cancer, while the Black Doctor Wries was attending upon him. I think the rumor of his disputed fame in those days reached New-York and your columns.
The sad, solemn fact, all along, was that whether
Vries had or had not discovered in India a cure for cancers, he was, by nature and practice, as are a great many people in Paris—your correspondent, accidentally, among the number—an utter humbug. He was seized, the other day, on a charge of mal-practice, resulting in the death of his patient. And to-day the costly furniture and his general scenic effects are sold at auction. Before and while he took to the curing of incurable cancers, Vriscowas here with a religious humber.

REPUBLICANISM IN MISSOURI.

The following circular has been issued by the Ropublican State Committee of Missouri: "Sr. Lans, Nov., 1859.

My DEAR SIE: Recent events would seem to de mand a renewal of the correspondence which was had during the past Summer with the friends of Free Labor in all parts of our State, and also the concert of such action as may best give emphasis to their views in the present, and stability to their party in the fu-

in the present, and stakelity to their party in the future.

"Your attention has probably been directed to a call emanating from a meeting of the Opposition, recently held at Lexington, for a State Convention of all opposed to the present National Democratic Administration, to be assembled in Jefferson City on the 28th of next Desember. It is baged that you will make arrangements to be present at such Convention, and will induce as many of your neighbors as possible, sharing your opinions, to be there likewise. It may not be that all who attend the Convention will agree fully in sentimest upon some questions, but as a common determination of resistance to the existing corrupt ascendency in both our National and State Governments will prevail, there is little room for doubt that such a basis will be settled upon as will combine the chief elements of opposition solidly and victoriously.

out of their teens, are alarmingly advanced, by instinct it would seem, in the same direction.

Although Monsieur Dumas fils, does not set up to teach morality, he has of course his system of morals. He presents certain of his personages to our approval, and others to our disapprobation. The Prodigal Father, for instance, rather a pale, modern displaced imitation of a grand seigneur of Louis XVth's time, who has run through his own large property is showy, uncalculated expenditures, and is recklessly running through a property that is not his when checked by his son, is a sharming old gentlevictoriously. "It is furthermore determined at the same place,

Missouri in such Convention in favor of the nomina-

Missouri in such Convention in favor of the nomination of her eminent citizen, Edward Bates, or some other man equally sound, upright, and available.

"You can see that the purpose of this last meeting at Jefferson City will not at all conflict with that of the preceding, but rather be auxiliary to it. It is, therefore, earnestly desired that you will attend both, and secure as large a delegation from your own section as possible.

"In the mean while, you are requested to advise the Committee of your ability to be present, and also

"In the mean while, you are requested to have the Committee of your ability to be present, and also of any other matters pertaining to the cause that may enggest themselves. An early answer is solicited. "Very respectfully yours,"

"Very respectfully yours,
"B. GRATZ BROWN,
Chairmen of the Republican Committee."

GOVERNOR SEWARD'S JOURNEY FROM

From The Albany Evening Journal. We have been permitted to copy the following extracts from two letters lately received from Governor

EGYPT TO PALESTINE.

tracts from two letters lately received from Governor Seward:

ON BOARD TO BROOKS.

As no steamboat would serve me for a fortnight, and I would not so near relinquish a sight of the Holy Land, I took passage yesterday together with an English officer and my courier on board this vessel, a fruit-boat belonging to Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. It is a cruise like my voyage to Labrador, but attended with much greater privations and inconveniences. The ship is a schooner of about twenty tune, her name "The Blest" is her only good trait. There is the captain and seven seamen, all Roman Catholic Christian Arabs, speaking the Arabic language only. Although we chartered the vessel exclusively, we were persuaded to let half a dozen of the Jaffa people go home on her deck. The captain, crew, and all are very civil and kind to us. There are no berths, no beds, no tables, no provisions, no dishes. We hastily extemporized our arrangements. A dozen chickens, a bologna sausage, six dozen eggs, with rice and bread and tea, constitute our stores. Four pieces of matting, laid two under us, one over us, and one wrapped round the corner, serve for our beds. The cabin is filled with dry sand for ballast, and ants, cockroaches, and all kind of vermin inhabit it, we therefore sleep as well as sit on deck. The courier is our cook, a half barrel is our table, but we do not approach it too near least it may expose us to vermin. For lack of chairs we sit down on the deck and screen ourselves from the sun as well as we can by the shade of the sails. I am using my hat on my knee for a writing date. Scanty as our comforts are, we are luxuriously appointed and served compared with the other persons on board. They lie and sleep in sun or shade, and eat I know not how or what. They prove themselves to be not Mussulmen, but Christians, by having a cross on their rosaries, but in all else they are as veritable Arabs, as the followers of Islam could require. At least so they seem. The days are hot, the mights delicious. The waters blue and blood-warm

about 300 miles; we are a day out, and as yet only fifty miles advanced toward our destination. Winds and waves forbid my writing more now.

SATURDAY, 1874,

STILL OS BOARD THE MAR BROOKA.

Ulysses in the Odyssey laments that as he had made no vows and "had no victims slain," Fate long withheld a favorite gale. But we, though equally impious, have had fair winds. On the first day we made our exit from the harbor of Alexandria, which is rendered very dangerous by rocks and breakers. We passed the Isle of Pharos, and for many miles more the coast is marked with the ruins of the forts and other defenses built by the French in Bonapartes memorable cam paign of 1804. We passed through the Bay of Aboukir, the scene of the memorable battle of that name. Yes terday morning, we lost sight of Alexandria and its light-houses, and in the evening we passed Rosetta, an important scaport in the Defta. This morning, the third day of our voyage, we looked out upon a coast indented with sand-hills and thronged with many ships. Soon Damietta, which is at the castern mouth of the Nile, appeared in view. The coast is low and sandy, the mouth of the river unseen, but the crowd of shipping indicate a great scaport. We are creeping from that port toward Jaffa, having probably taken leave of Africa brever. The English and French have contested for supremacy often on its coasts, as Greeks and Persians, Romans and Carthagenians did—but I am sure that Africa will never fall under, or permit European sway. Neither its sandy coast, nor its peculiar, balf-cavage people will ever admit of European habitations under the sway of Europeans.

We still live on good terms with our Syrian seamen. They are polite and attentive to us. But we live in distinct groups. A Syrian Christian old woman in the only fenale. She lives under the lee of the small boat on the deck wrapped in a blanket. She moves a distance of six feet to get the necessary change of shade. Two Turks, Mohammedans, sleep at the further end of the boat, in their costly embroidered blue

only region of the world which Providence seems have fortified against civilization.

On Board the Man Brooks, Sunday 1978.

Light breezes but fair, all night; stars multiplie On Board the Man Brooka, Sunday 19th.

Light breezes that fair, all night; stars multiplied, large and more brilliant than I ever saw. The "milky way," an irregular white fleece stretching quite across the heavens. The habitual temper of the East is patience and indifference to natural developments. This is the third day of our voyage, the becimaing of the fourth. "Joppa to-morrow!" inquired I of the Captain, an Arabic Christian. "Il sha Allah," he replied. "If God pleases." We see no land. These primitive sailors carry no compass, take no observations, keep no reckoning, but steer by land-marks when the coast is visible, and by the sun moon, and stars when out at sea. We have seen no land since we passed Damietta, but we know by the rate at which we have sailed that swe are still off the African coast. If we are fortunate, the first land that we shall look upon will be in Syria, Palestine, the high faills that overlook Gaza and stretch behind Askalon.

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behind Askalon.

The sea is strange reconciler of conflicts. I always thought that the understanding so early established be tween St. Paul and his profane companions, the crew and passengers of the vessel that was conveying him a prisoner to Rome, was the fruit of the experience of common fears and dangers. The old man and boy whom I took for Greek Christians, turn out to be Jews from Algiers, going home to the land of skeir forefathers, to await its promised restoration under a Messinh, et to come. As the evening draws on, we are no longer obliged to seek hiding places from the sun; all the passengers and crew gather near the after deck, and then they hold what seems to us a pleasant conversation, forgetting all their batreds, Jews, Mussulmen, Greek, and Catholic Christians. All exhibit a degree of reverence for sacred names and things unknown in our part of the world, and all seem animated by a spirit of genial kindness.

We assiptoned courtesies with all. A dreamy life is this of ficating under canvas in Eastern climates. I am becoming quite an Arab. I cut without a fork with considerable success, and I sleep soundly, shielded in my mat on the deck, with the bright moon and stars watching aver me.

Nevertheless, Mah. Brooks, "Ship of the Blest!" I

watching aver me.

Nevertheless, Mah Brooka, "Ship of the Blest" I pray thee hasten to Joppa, the seat of Japhet the son of Noah, for I am weary of the land of Ham.

Nevertheless, Mah Brooka, "Ship of the Bleat?" I pray thee hasten to Joppa, the seat of Japlet the son of Noah, for I am weary of the land of Ham.

JERESALEM, Sept. 25, 1859.

I have mensioned already one monastery or more in the Holy Land. The early Eusopean Christians conceived that these was great mers in visiting, by way of pilgrimage, the scenes of the antierings of the Savier, but they found the whole constry in the hands of feaccious and savage enemies to the religion of the Cross. Travel could not be safely performed here, nor could entertaisme it be found. European strangers and religious men founded monasteries everywhere, often strongly fortified, as places of safety for the pilgrime and of hospitality, and these yet remain. They are Catholic, Greek, Frotestant Greek, Armenian, and Abbyschinn; and, inasmuch as the dangers of travel still remain in large districts, and there are few taverns for the accommodation of Europeans, they are the resort of the traveler of the present day. You are received and iodged, generally supplying your own provisions. They turnish you security, and a place to eat and to sleep. If you have any peculiar claim to respect or consideration, they furnish you everything else gramitously in all cases: but all right-minded persons, on leaving them, present a gift to the establishment equal to the cost of the accommodations. These exceedingly useful institutions are located, with pions reverence, on the sites of the most memorable events in the life of the Savier and his Apostles, and, having been so early located, they are interesting monuments.

But Palestine in its social condition presents other and more reliable monuments of the same character. You see a party of Syrians or Arabs at rest in their camp, or on their march, and you have exactly before you the rest or the progress of a party of persons in the same country two thousand years ago. Patriarchs, we not the same country two thousand years ago.

asses, and goats. Leathsome lepers meet you as you enter or depart from the gates of the city, begging bread, but there is no divine person here now to heal them. The blird, the lame, the epileptic, are always in your way, soliciting relief. Medical aid, or mediciene that will afford relief is expected by the sick at the hands of any person of condition who passes by. You see two intimate friends meet or depart. They cover each other with kisses. You see a party at dinner or at supper. There is one dish, which always is liquid. Each eats by dipping a sop into the common dish. So you see how rational and probable are the histories of the betrayal of our Lord by Jadas.

But I must on with my Journai:

We left the good monks of Kamhah at two o'clock on Thursday morning, and, through inconceivably crocked and narrow pathways, emerged upon the plain of sharon. An hour or two sufficed to bring us into the mountains of Judea, which separate that plain from the valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea. The uscent is steep, the mountains are a mass or system irregular and almost unrelieved by vallies. In fact all of Palestine, including the site of Jerusalem and the seemes of Scripture history, consists of these mountains, except the beautiful plain of Sharon, which lies between them and the Mediterranean Sea. Ten weary hours we toiled in making our way up these mountains to find the Holy City. Reaching the summit of one, we descended it only to ascend another still higher, and the roads often sharp, steep, stone stairways, which only a trained animal can ascend or deacend safely. Nor have you ever seen any such mountain scenes. Gardens, fields, trees, plants and shrubs, disappear, chalky rocks lie heaped on beaps, no house or habitation of man or beast, no verdure, except here and there a shepherd, armed, with his reed, and his dog and his flock of sheep and goats, which extract some juices from the roads of this dwindled and stunted vegetation. Then onno in a long way we find a ravine where water is detained during the dry r

It was a weary journey through a sad and mournful land, relieved by an occasional rest under the shade of a rock or or of a solitary olive tree, for Jerusalem seemed to be a myth—ever promised but unattainable—when we reached at last at 4 o'clock the summit of a hill higher than all we had passed, and right before me on the rocky plain at a distance of a mile stood the Holy City. It was not the ancient Jerusalem, not a vast metropolis, not even a mediaval city like Rome, but a modern built town of small circuit inclosed with a graceful military wall and surmounted with a citadel, towers, steeples, and monuments beautiful to look upon, but disappointing all the conceits I had formed in regard to its aspect. Filled with veneration for it by its wonderful history and expecting to find its sacred monuments everywhere speaking their own great explanation, I could not consent to enter it rassly and rudely. I dismounted and sat down upon a rock surrounded by tombs and contemplated the scenes I was about to enter, under the favor of the declining sun. We dismissed our equipage and walked slowly on, assing by half the city to find a gate in the wall. The toad, like all I had traveled, was only a camel's path, over loose stones and fixed rocks, up and down, but at length we found the hole in the wall, Turkish sentinels on goard, and a narrow, low, vulgar, rough street, through the middle of which, along the gutter, we made our way, jostling now against horses, asses, camels, Turks, Arabs, Jews and Christians, all differing from each other in costume and address, but all qually auto and bisses, while the voices, siece, diaputes and contentions of a crowded population added to the confusion of the scene. This was "Christian treet," but a street that no Christian of any civilized state would own. A fairer town without than Jerusalem I never saw, a barer town without than Jerusalem I never saw, a barer town without than Jerusalem I never saw, a barer town without than Jerusalem I never saw, a barer town without than Jerusale

On Saturday morning (24th) we had coffee and eggs at our hotel at four o'clock, and, after vigorous activity and been exercised, we mounted for an excursion into be eastern part of Falestine. A Cavaes is an officer of the Turkish army, armed, and bearing a silver stick, estipued to any Consul or other favored person by the flovernment, for his protection and to assure his safety in the highways. Behold our military array as we assed through the Damasens gate of Jerusalem at surrise. Two Cavaeses commanding the faithful, with their asses, horses and loaded camels, to turn to he right or left, or to halt until we passed, which they heyed, while they wondered who they were that were thus honored by the Sultan; a muletoer with his sules loaded with the provisions for the journey—a boy with a donkey equally loaded, and bearing our double-barreled rifte—my courier, my companions and anles loaded with the provisions for the journey—a boy with a donkey equally loaded, and bearing our double-barreled rifle—my courier, my companions and myself; and then in rear six Marines of the United States navy, armed with short swords and revolvers. The Turkish gate of Jerusalem opened promptly for the procession. The Turkish guard were already under drill on the plain, and a bugle blast that went forth from the hight of Mount Sion was responded to in exquisite echo by another Turkish bugle amid the tombs of the ancient Kings of Jerusalem. Nearly four thousand years old is Jerusalem. She has seen many days of triumph and of glory, and has endured many and long seasons of humiliation and disgrace. But none that were more cheerless than her present degradation, it seems to me—trodden to the earth by the fierce Arab of the desert, while the outside world respects only her past, and is indifferent to the future.

We made our way around the south-eastern corner of the walls, and than turned to the westward and descended Meunt Moriah by a winding camel-road, having the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of the ancient Temple, and the Beautiful Gase, directly at our side. We descended into the Valley of Jebosohat, and crossed the brook Kedron. We could see before us its winding course underneath the tombs of Siloam, now not only without healing waters, but alnost without water at all. We rose on the southern side of Kedron, and stood upon the declivity looking over the wall into the Garden of Gethsemane, with at few relies of olive trees, and, after a pause for consequalton of the seene, I resumed my way, and ascended the Mount of Olives.

The side of the Mount of Olives is an easy grade, and it towers so high as too-verlook the Mount Moriah and most of the city. Olive trees grace the declivity, and "the site of the Transfiguration" is now overed with a monastery. The features of the country around the Holy City are bold and distinct. I wondered, as I looked down into the vale of Geheana or Tguhet, that I

ry around the Holy City are bold and distinct. I wondered, as I looked down into the vale of Geheana or Tquhet, that I had not recognized these scenes without aguide. The hill-sides are covered with tombs of every age and every nation, from those closed yesterday until you get back to the period of early antiquity. Indeed, those who live at Jerusalem speak as if antiquity was only of yesterday. Centuries of history are brought into near review by the habit of studying antiquities with the aid of tradition. I was roused from meditations on the perverseness of man, which always asjects instructions the most benevolent and crescutes most biterly those who some to avert its evils, by fanding that I had quite lost sight of the Holy City and was pursuing my way along a rough road oward Rethamy, the village of Mary and Marsha and Lazarus. An hour and a half brought us to that interesting place, which is situated on the eastern declivity of Mount Olivet, looking down into a dark, deep avine. I had already seen in the distance the Dead Sea, which was twenty-seven miles distant—now the intervening mountains closed the prospect suddenly. Bethany is a ruic. Some twenty dilapidated houses are occupied by Bedouin Arabs. Nothing of culture or zomfort was seen, only a tomb and a burying around around it showed any accord with the existing habits of society. Here the Sheik, or chief of the tribe of Bedouins who possess the land below Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, joined us on horseback, with five of his mounted and armed men, and with this force we proceeded down one mountain, up another, by the most intolerable road ever mortal traveled, all only long—seeing no fields, no houses, no man, no trees, nothing but barren rocks with dried tufts of a russ and shrube, until, at a depth of 2,599 feet below the level of Jerusalem, I stood on the beach of the Dead Sea, near to where it neceives the waters of Jordan. On its eastern side the mountain rises as abthe level of Jerusalem, I stood on the beach of the Dead Sea, near to where it receives the waters of Jordan. On its eastern side the mountain rises as abruptly as on its western shore. The western shore was Judea, the eastern the land of Meab. The western shore the land of Canaan, the eastern the land always of savage enemies.

The sun was shining brightly upon the mysterious lake, but a wholesome and genial breeze came off from its surface, and it looked for all the world like Cayuga er Sensea Lake. But its waters were acrid

and bitter to the taste, and painful to the touch, absolutely maked Arabs were carrying skins. Dead Sea water to some cabins of theirs in the and they were the only human beings whom during the whole day from Bethany to the

and they were the only human beings whom I saw during the whole day from Bethany to the Dead S.a.

The sailors bathed in the lake and found its waters buevant. The Land of Moab was as desolate as the land of India. Its mountains even higher. We gathered our party together after an hour's rost and rode across the dry, sandy, desolate white plain, two hours, until we found ourselves in front of long rows of trees and strabbery, refreshing to the sight, and heard the rushing of waters beneath them. Following the path along the pleasant shade we came to a place where the banks were low, and we all rushed incominently into the River Jordan. It was the endy running stream we had seen in Judea, and it was the second place where we found water for our animals in our whole march. I thought it both natural and inevitable that the inhabitants of Syria should deem their only swer a sacred one. We drank of its waters, we builted in them, we felt that they were not only refreshing but healing. But the Jordan, like Jerusalem, is a monuper. We could see the valey through which it flowed for many milet—flat intervale land covered with white sauds. We could see the steep mountains on either side for fifty miles in length, but there is not one plantation or habitation there. Tearing ourselves away reluctantly from the fellowship of the River, we havened over the sands, seeing only one fiving being on our way, and that a wild boar—ascending the mountain side on the west until we attained a plain at ten o clock at night, where we found some half a dozen cottar es with fires outside the doors. Passing thence we arrived at the banks of a spring, from which flowed as small rivulet. On the side of this stream upon the dry sand, without protection of roof or tree or shreb, having dismounted our horses, we spread our blankets and laid down under a bright starry sky to sleep, in what once was, and yet bears the name of Jericho. Our Arab guides had determined to beg of us a sheep as a backshish; we resisted. We ate our simple supper, while

supper.

At two o'clock in the morning the Sheik called us up, we mounted and proceeded on our way backward toward Jerusalem by starlight, up and down all kinds of stair cases. The sun rose and the day's heat began before we reached the Mount of Olives. At II we entired Jerusalem, after a ride of twenty-one hours out of twenty-eight in the saddle.

JOHN BROWN'S "SECRETARY OF STATE" IN TEXAS.

Richard Realf, the "Secretary of State" to the Provisional Government of the late John Brown, base at length turned up in Austin, Texas, in which city he arrived some two months ago, and delivered a lecture; since when he has been studying in that place for the ministry, intending to enter the Methodist Itineracy. These facts we learn from The Austin Intelligencer of the 5th inst. The editor of that paper, upon seeing articles of the Mobile and New-Orleans press relative to Realf, sent for him, and the following is the substance of the interview. Premising by acknowledging his connection with Brown in Kansas and Canada, the

of the interview. Premising by acknowledging his connection with Brown in Kausas and Canada, the article thus proceeds:

"He also entered into the history of Brown, himself, Cook, Stevens, Tidd, and Kagi, going to Chatham, in Canada; says they were straitened for money; that the Provisional Constitution was read there by Brown, and agreed to, and the officers elected, as stated. Mr. R. says that Brown then informed him that Forbes was in New-York and in possession of certain correspondence between himself and Forbes, and that he feared Forbes would use the confidential correspondence to an evil use, and desired Reall to go to New-York and get the correspondence. Mr. Realf says that finding himself thus implicated, he went to New-York, but did not find Forbes through Greeley, as he had been advised; but revealed the matter to Orlando Yeaton, managing bookkeeper of Higgins & Brothers, carpet manufacturers, Murray street, New-York; Mr. Buller, lawyer; Thaddeus Hyatt, W. F. McAnsey of Kansas, then on a visit to New-York, and the daughter of Wm. Henry Burleigh. He then left for England, and often spoke of the matter in England and France, telling it, among others, to Mr. Vezey, American Consul at Havre. Having renounced Abolitionism, he sailed from France to New-Orleans, and thence to Mobile in April last.

"He says that us room as he learned prowns purposes he renounced all notions of participation, and only acted with them because of his conviction that having learned their plans, he could not have escaped, though the pledge of secrecy only extended to the forfeiture of the protection which the society afforded. Mr. Realf assures us that his renunciation of Abolitionism is sincere, and that he has told his acquaintances here that should he remain out of the pupil, he intended to make speecles, giving his notions of the horrors of Abolitionism in the North, during the next Presidential election; and if not, then to publish letter. He assures us that he does know that Gerrit Smith sent noney to Brown, the latter say never had further correspondence with any of the par-tier—this was in June, 1838. And when he returned to the United States he supposed the whole expedition had been broken up. He offers no defense or apology for the monstrous wickedness of the purposes of the as-sociation, but professes a sincere conviction of the great

sociation, but professes a sincere conviction of the great moral wrong.

"We will add that we yesterday suggested to the friends of Mr. Realf the propriety of his placing him-self unconditionally at the disposition of the President of the United States. We are glad to say that he has done so, and has also offered to surrender himself to Gov. Wise, and has notified these authorities that he at all remain here until their wishes are known."

The New-Orleans Bulletis, in copying the above,

The New-Orleans Bulletin, in copying the above, says:

"We have conversed with several gentlemen, who knew Realf well while here, and they all believe him to be, now that his character is unveiled, the basest conspirator of Old Brown's gang. He is extraordinarily gitted, both as a writer and speaker, and as a consummate hypocrite of the villainous lago stamp. When we recall the role which he played here—his fanatic abhorrence of some of those trivial indulgencies incident to youth, the never-ceasing iteration of his filial love, his pious cant about little children, and the innumerable other traits that mark the snake-like sleekness of his disposition—we cannot but regard him as one of the most subtle foes the South could have in her midst. Brown and the others, true to their compact, made the despersite venture, but Realf, after having kept the eath of secrecy, even while among the very people whose lives and property were threatened, now proclaims his complicity with the effentery of a bawd. In fact, as we learn from a letter from Austin, he is proud of his notoriety, and regrets that his history was not known in that place before he lectured there, as then he would have had a much larger audience. To show the true character of the man, we may remark that, within the short space of a few months, he has renounced Protestantism and embraced Catholicity, and again returned to his first faith."

RUSSIAN OFFICERS ON THE NIAGARA.

To the Editor of The R. Y. Tribune.
SIR: In THE TRIBUNE, of June -, you charge the

Secretary of the Navy with having refused, or at least denarred, to refund Capt. Hudson the expenses incurred by bim for the entertainment of the two Rossian officers while on board the frigate Niagara, during

the laying down of the Atlantic cable.

The Russian officers referred to, one a Captain and the other a Lieutenant, came on board by authority of the Secretary of the Navy, and they expressed a wish treat they might be allowed to defray their portion of the mess-bill, which Capt. Hudson declined according to, nesigning as a reason that Government would provide for that.

The ward-room officers were desirous of having the Lieutenant to mess with them, being of the same rank as themselves; but this was overruled, and the said officer was received in the cabin-mess.

The hospitality extended to the Russian officers was not of a character to speak of, for they were obliged to put up with limited accommodations, elecquing in cots, and necessarily deprived of all privacy; besides, the table did not grown under the weight of luxuries.

Twenty-five dollars per month was the mess-bill of the cabin, being less than that of the ward-room, which mess did pretty much all the entertaining while in England.

the emount claimed by Capt. Hudson should been raid at once out of the contingent fund; has Secretary of the Navy hesitated to do so, it was been do not consider that the contingent fund also used for any such purpose.

Congress has invariably relieved officers when upon to defray expenses of this nature, and it have been more regular if Capt. Hudson had con with the usual custom in such cases.